

CHATTANOOGA NEWS

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Depth bombs, dropped by destroyers, are said to be fatal to fish as well as submarines.

It is noteworthy that the Kaiser has had little to say recently about Germany's war for defense.

Mixing politics with the schools has given us the Cookeville institute. That ought to satisfy us for a while.

Of course every candidate or governor wants to save the country. The popular question is only how?

Vice problem about solved.—Headline. This is a bit of news which may be classified as important if true.

The outlook is that we shall have plenty of sugar. But even when there is plenty there should be no waste.

A saving of 140,000,000 pounds of beef in four months has been announced as a result of meatless days.

Reports of people being "tortured" are no doubt a source of great anguish to the sympathetic soul of the Kaiser!

The phrase, "go to Jericho," formerly signified about the same as the modern invitation to "go to Halifax."

It has been suggested that our flying men be given an increase of pay. Higher pay for higher flying, so to speak.

Interdiction of the trade in poultry does not apply to the cold storage variety. That must go on the market at once.

An impression seems to prevail at Rockwood that good dogs, like good trusts, are entitled to special consideration.

The Sammies are hitting their stride. In a patrol skirmish they have killed one German and brought another into camp.

If Pennsylvania cities are given six lightless nights a week, it will not be much of an inconvenience for the politicians of that state.

Dearth of quotations on the local market increases our anxiety over the possibility of an adequate supply of turnip greens and jowl.

British women have been enfranchised by national enactment, but, strange to say, nobody objected to the method as undemocratic.

Secretary Baker appreciates the patriotism of the lady who would sacrifice her treasures to the cause, but doesn't know how he might use them.

The cost of Lord Northcliffe's three months' visit, as stated in parliament, was about \$55,000. It had been estimated to cost \$25,000 a year.

Dog hair is being used in England in the manufacture of wool. But dogs are principally responsible for the shortage of wool in this country.

Girls who can speak French are wanted for telephone service in France. This does not mean, however, that all should speak at once.

While February weather has not been all that could be desired, it has shown a great improvement over the variety dealt out by January.

It may be merely an incident, but we note the name of Mr. Heney does not recur with its wonted frequency in connection with the packing house inquiry.

The complaints against the supreme war council, according to the New York Tribune, were based on the assertion that it had exceeded its authority, as supreme war councils sometimes will.

New York women are registering for the special congressional elections to be held in that state March 5. We shall soon know whether they will exercise the lately-conferred franchise.

We trust that that board of five "distinguished scientists," to whom the matter was referred, will not keep us much longer in suspense as to the merits of "Garabed."

While the west front drive hangs fire, rumors are circulating that the Germans are training their forces for fighting in the open. If the progress of events should bring open field fighting, here's hoping that it may all be done east of the western front.

It is said that a large ape, diked out in faithful style, escaped from his owner a few days ago in New York and took a leisurely stroll through one of the fashionable hotels where he amused himself for some time before anybody noticed the difference between his apship and the other apes.

EFFECTIVE FOOD REGULATION NECESSARY.

If the needs of our allies for foodstuffs are as indicated by Mr. Hoover, and there is no reason to doubt it, this is no time for temporizing by the government or for the adoption of half-way measures. Appeals for voluntary saving of food have ready response from those patriotically inclined, but they at the same time induce a great deal of secret hoarding by others.

Even with rigorous regulations it has been found in foreign countries that much food is secretly stored away. What we need is government control of all foodstuffs, and such an administration as to assure our people that the distribution will be entirely fair. The nation will not hesitate to diet itself for the sake of our friends. We can at this time make no sacrifice more important in winning the war.

There is no more humanitarian act than dividing our bread with those who are enlisted in the same cause. All we desire to know of our government is that men of high ability shall be chosen for the conservation of sufficient supplies for our own people to keep them from starving, and that there shall be no special privileges.

Mr. McAdoo, director of the railroads, has assured the food administration that the transportation will not be lacking for food supplies. This is the supreme need of the moment. Otherwise, even in the eastern part of our own country, there may be suffering.

Figures in the Commercial and Financial Chronicle indicate that Mr. Hoover is not a scaremonger. On Feb. 9 this year the grain stocks, wheat and corn, in the United States were in round numbers eighteen million bushels. At this time last year the stocks were nearly sixty million bushels, and in 1916, a normal year, they were eighty-four million bushels. There are only fourteen million bushels of oats against forty-one million a year ago.

The Canadian stocks are about twenty million bushels of wheat, as against eighty-three million bushels in 1917.

The above are all we have in stock in warehouses, elevators, etc., and yet we are expected to ship seventy-five million bushels a month to Europe. The railroads must haul at least eight millions a day and they are now hauling only six million bushels a day.

If the government appeals merely for voluntary saving and we fail properly to respond and the war is lost through famine causes, then our country will always be blamed for not having taken over all the food stocks in the country at once when the condition was evident and issuing them to the population in proportion to the supply. Nothing but the most complete system of rationing will, in our opinion, be effective at this time.

A committee of congress is making a report today, but the measures suggested are not of a sufficiently comprehensive scope to secure adequate results.

The United States is not able at this stage of the war to furnish its associates with reinforcements of men in proportion to their great potential power. We could furnish millions if the transports were available. Without such transport it is a physical impossibility. But every citizen of this country can, in effect, put himself back of the firing line by submitting to food regulations which may necessitate the tightening of our belts but will at the same time prevent what Mr. Hoover fears, a "catastrophe," in other words, national humiliation and danger to the liberties of all free people.

There is no need of any panic over the situation. This is a land of plenty and always will be. We have an enormous surplus if we will but adopt the measures whereby we consume no more than we actually need. We shall be better physically for it and at the same time we will be spiritually elevated by the knowledge that this little sacrifice is enabling us to relieve want.

JERICHO IS FALLEN.

Information, which was received Friday, that the British had captured Jericho, served to revive interest in the campaign which is in progress for possession of the land which was the ancient home of the Jews. This place, lying near the border of the country, is one of the cities of antiquity which was almost as prominent in ancient history as Jerusalem, from which it is distant about fourteen miles.

An available encyclopedia describes the place as follows: "Jericho, anciently one of the most flourishing cities of Palestine, two hours journey west from the Jordan, six hours northeast from Jerusalem. Westward from Jericho lies a waste tract of limestone mountains, rising in stages; but the immediate vicinity is well watered and fruitful, yielding dates, raisins, balsam and honey, yet a favorite abode also in early times, of poisonous snakes. The capture of Jericho by the Israelites on their first entry into Canaan, its destruction, and the rebuilding of it by Hiel the Bethelite, in the reign of Ahab, about B. C. 915, are recorded in Joshua, vi. Kings, xvi. 34. It appears to have been afterward the seat of a school of prophets (II Kings, ii. 4, etc.). Herod the Great resided in Jericho and beautified it. It was destroyed in the reign of Vespasian, and rebuilt under Hadrian. In the time of the crusades it was repeatedly captured and at last completely destroyed. At the present day its place is occupied by a miserable village called Richa or Ericha, with scarcely more than 200 inhabitants."

The place of Jericho in history is secure. The city may perish, in fact, has perished, but the name endures. It is in legend, in song, in story, in ritual even. It was here, according to Holy Writ, that Rahab received and concealed the spies sent by the Israelites to view the land preparatory to their entering and capturing it. Later, the walls are said to have fallen down before the hosts of Joshua when they blew the rams' horns after encircling the city for seven days. It was a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho which gave us the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. In this connection it may be said that the route from Jerusalem to Jericho is through narrow, winding and devious paths, not entirely free from danger to travelers—a condition similar to that indicated by the Samaritan story of nearly 2,000 years ago.

But it is not enough that the name of Jericho should be preserved in the romance and sentiment which we associate with the Holy Land. It should be restored and again be given a place on the map. It should be made a city worthy the ancient name, and the name again bestowed upon it. This, we believe, will be done if the country is

definitely and finally relieved from Turkish rule and made once again the home and cultural center of the Jewish race, as one of the results of the war. Jericho has fallen, but, we trust, to rise again, greater and grander than ever before.

"DEAD AS LATIN."

Says the Louisville Post: "We learn that among the plans for making Jerusalem a great city after the war are the establishment of a great university and 'the use of the pure Hebrew of the Bible' as a national language. We may have a real Zionist movement in Palestine; a great university can be established with money, but nothing that can be done will bring a dead language back to life. 'The pure old Hebrew of the Bible' is as dead as the Latin tongue. Some modern language will prevail at Jerusalem. Why not try English?"

We are not prepared to offer an expert opinion on the advisability of an attempt to restore the Jewish language along with the Jewish nation, but frankly it looks feasible on its face. On an investigation, the Post would probably find that the Hebrew language has been about as well preserved as the people and attempts to obliterate some other languages, notably the Polish, suggest that if an opportunity were offered the Hebrew language would reclaim its own.

Mr. Hoover blames food shortage in the east on railroad congestion. He does not say, however, whether government operation or former railroad managers is responsible for the stagnation.

It has been our frequent boast that America is not dependent upon the outside world for the comforts of life. We should make good on that boast when the government has taken over all foreign shipping for war purposes.

Substitution of chewing gum for cigarettes by the boys at the front is favored by the Knoxville Sentinel. But, we believe, the Sentinel opposes its use by the girls upon any pretext.

Prevented.

(Brooklyn Citizen.) "That novel has had a remarkable sale," commented the book store man. "Have you read it?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dare to read it, as my duties require me to be enthusiastic in recommending it to customers."

In a Dry Town.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.) "Did you climb onto the water wagon, Sim?"

"Now, it's a queer New Year for me. I used to swear off every year, but this year the authorities done that for me."

TO THE EDITOR

(Communications in this department represent the views of the writers. All matters of public interest may be discussed freely.)

A Tribute to His Mother.

Editor The News: She's your very best friend in time of trouble. Your comrade true when misfortune is at hand. Your loyal pal when you're down and out. Your hope and comfort when life grows stale. She cools your fevered brow and drives away the pain when you are ill. Isn't she always near when you need her most? When you were close to the gates of hell, didn't she pull you back to safety? No matter how rotten you are, doesn't she always have supreme faith in you? When has she ever stopped praying for you? Don't you turn to her first when the clouds of adversity darken your way? Isn't she always darning your light in the window to guide you safely home? When the whole world turns against you, doesn't she fight for you just the same? She is growing old. Why don't you kiss those dear wrinkled cheeks of hers and caress those withered, bony hands and see her smile. All the glories of heaven couldn't equal that smile. Why don't you put your arms around her bent and feeble shoulders and give her a great big hug? She's a million times more beautiful at 70 than that sweetheart of yours is at 17. She's far more precious, too. Why don't you put a rose in her thin gray hair and tell her just how much you love her? Then watch her dim old eyes gleam with a light brighter than the stars in the sky. She is fairer than any queen on earth. She is rarer than all the gold and precious stones in the universe. Why don't you tell her so? She's growing older as the years pass swiftly by. Soon she'll go away. She won't come back any more. You'll never see her square deal. She deserves it. Have you forgotten those simple little songs she sang to you long ago? All the grand opera singers on earth can't equal her when she sings. Don't forget. She's growing old, better, richer and especially my mother is the only angel this side of heaven. So is yours. God bless the name of mother!

GEORGE T. WORD.
Cartersville, Ga.

Can Beat McMinn.

Editor The News: I see an old citizen of Athens says there are ninety-nine dogs in McMinn county to one sheep. I will go him one better. I am a Republican in Dayton. There are 300 dogs and two pet lambs belonging to a nice little miss. An educated dog, which rode beside its master in a buggy or on a horse, and especially in the city of Dayton. In the dog's master, when the father of the little girl told the owner of the dog to kill the dog, he retorted that town was no place to raise sheep.

We will never have sheep till we have a stringent dog law which is well enforced. It seems that our senior senator will have opposition in his race for the United States senate. Mr. Shields will have to speak out on two very important questions, the prohibition and suffrage amendments now being agitated by our voters. He will have to give our women their votes, which is right, and liquor is forever dead. Mr. Shields has sealed his lips on these amendments. He can and must talk. He was not dumb when he went and looked before the legislature for the seat he now occupies, leaving 45,000 true and loyal supporters who had followed his leadership for a clean supreme court and a clean government. He is now crying democracy, that we must fence so the republicans can't elect a president.

The people on all have learned that Tennessee is a dry state and the majority of them want their wives and sisters to help keep it dry. So, Mr. Shields, good dog, of the law, for I knock your mouth and tell the voters of Tennessee which side of the fence you are on. Tennessee is behind our president and will support every move he may make to give us a world to national prohibition or woman voters. He seems to think he can lead the hill billies by crying democracy, that we must fence so the republicans can't elect a president.

I see Mr. Cates has announced his candidacy and laid down some good reasons. He says he will give other reasons why he or some good man should help democracy. I am not sure here he has given his count on the whiskey question. I am afraid of Shields. He seems to be jiggling around the corner. Give us a good, square man for senator.

I am well pleased with our nominee for chancellor of the Twelfth district. Give us headless days, meatless days, flourless days, or any other kind, if it is necessary to whip the Kaiser, is it old Confederate soldiers?

Wondrous and Stupefying.

The German mind in the course of the war and the general character of German diplomatic thinking have been a wondrous and stupefying thing. But there is no denying the quick ingenuity with which the German at Brest-Litovsk seized upon the bolshevik principle of self-determination and turned it against the bolshevik. Self-determination, meine Herren? By all means. Here is the Ukraine which has self-determined itself out of our hands. Here are Courland, Lithuania, Livonia, Estonia—they have all determined to be independent. Therefore the German army is at present standing not in Russia at all, but in various independent countries, and there can be no question of our evacuating Russian territory. But more than that: it is Germany's sacred duty to defend the rights of these small nationalities against the aggressions of the imperialistic proletarianism of the bolsheviks. With the result that today Berlin says:

"Called upon by the Ukraine to help in their heavy struggle against the Great Russians, our troops have commenced their advance from the direction of Kovle."

Simultaneously the German armies may be marching to defend the independence of Lithuania, Courland, Livonia and Estonia against the Great Russians. And who knows? If the middle classes in Moscow should rise against the bolsheviks and refuse to obey Lenin's orders, a German army may march to the defense of the self-determined rights of the ancient grand duchy of Muscovy against the tyranny of Petrograd.

The March to Petrograd.

(New York Tribune.) Germany seems definitely to have committed herself to an "invasion" of Great Russia. The only manner in which the German army can reach Petrograd is the walking, which is slushy at this season of the year, and the pervasiveness of the Maximalist troops who commandeer all the rolling stock for Old Home Week. At the first glimpse of the distances involved seem somewhat forbidding. It is a little less than 300 miles from Riga to Petrograd, and about double

HALTING A NATION OF SPENDERS

(Commercial and Financial Chronicle.)

Savings are the easy chair of old age; thrift cushions the chair. Savings buy a home; thrift insures it against fire and flood. Savings withdraw profits from business when it is good; thrift reinvests them in the business because it is good. But savings without thrift are as life and business without a purpose. One of the most primitive forms of thrift is a loan of savings for an interest return. Yet this may be so magnified by another thrifty use of the same savings that starving peoples are fed through great international loans, and war possibly brought forever to an end by a more vigorous and effective prosecution of a war in progress. Thrift here takes on added power for good by reason of association, the pledging of small sums to a great and good cause. And in this pledge there is the collateral benefit of communal interest and good will. As the coral insect builds the reef above the waves and landlocks a harbor safe from storms, so the saved pennies of the poor may serve to build a protecting wall about the lives and activities of men, shutting out the tempests of strife and the terrors of war. Thus a thrift stamp is raised to the highest dimension.

The week that has passed should mark an enduring purpose in the life of the republic. It is but a beginning. Awakening the consciousness of the people, it serves to unify and energize. Four percent, compounded is not the highest rate that can be secured on an investment above question; but nowhere else, than in one of these war stamps, can four dollars and thirteen cents be placed, that will bring so sure a return and have such a wide influence for good in human affairs. The payment of the two billions, if it shall all be subscribed in 1918, in a single year, together with other fixed charges that will have to be met, is a question in governmental finances that should not be ignored by those in charge of the increasing burden of our fiscal relations. But we need not consider that now. There are many problems of magnitude the future holds for us. And we can only work them out when they come, though they be ever present in the mind now. But after all "thrift week" should remain memorable for its impulsive influence on the manners and customs of the people as a whole. When the individual rightly perceives and appreciates this it will come home to him with lasting force. And in this must lie the greatest benefit. To halt a nation of spenders, and make them see the dignity and utility of personal saving and thrift must be a milestone in progress.

THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

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"Do you believe in Thought Cure?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I might if I knew anything about it," said Mr. Jarr. "What is it? Sort of a mental message?"

"Mrs. Kittingly says everybody who is ignorant of the good it does thinks it's a message," said Mrs. Jarr. "Her hair was falling out something terrible. She tried everything she could think of, even kerosene and massage. And she even went to specialists, and one of them wanted so much money—"

"That she could not think of it," interrupted Mr. Jarr.

"Can't you be sensible just one minute?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "But that's the way you always act when I go to speak to you. Maybe what I say isn't intelligent enough to interest you, but at least you might be courteous, even if I am only your wife!"

"Fshaw! Can't you take a joke?" asked Mr. Jarr, uneasily.

"I can take one when it's offered to me," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But you have an idea when you say something especially rude and offensive that it's funny."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Jarr. "Every time I get off a joke I'll stand up and wave my hand. Then you'll see by the joke signal that what I've said is funny and you can laugh."

"You needn't be sarcastic," said Mrs. Jarr. "Waving your hand wouldn't make any of your jokes a signal success."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Jarr. "Nor waving your arms won't make your conversation less vague and rambling than it is. What were you going to say about thought cure?"

"I am going to tell you that Mrs. Kittingly was going to try it on her hair falling out, but she hadn't made up her mind about it."

"If her hair was falling out she could

not have much on her mind, could she?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he gravely stood up and waved his hand.

"I do declare, Edward Jarr!" said his wife. "Sometimes I think you aren't in your right senses. You act like a school-boy. Why don't you have some dignity? You with children growing up around you, too!"

"I am not doing anything to stunt their growth, am I?" asked Mr. Jarr. "But, come, did thought cure bring back Mrs. Kittingly's missing hair?"

"No," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly thinks mental healing did it, but she gives part of the credit to osteopathy, because she was THINKING about osteopathy and all her hair came back."

"And how changed it was?" said Mr. Jarr in an undertone.

"Mrs. Jarr didn't heed this remark and went on. "Ah," said Mrs. Jarr, "that's why they believe in osteopathy. They know if they get their bones twisted osteopathy will cure them. When you go to an osteopath he kneads your bones."

"I need my own bones, thank you," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I said the osteopath kneads your bones, kneads them," said Mrs. Jarr.

"By bones you mean \$2, I suppose," said Mr. Jarr. "Well, I need that kind of bones, too."

"I do declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "If all you can do is sit there and mope and gibe at me like a clown, I wish you would get out to some section with the kind of people you prefer!"

"Ah," said Mr. Jarr, "you can't decide which you would prefer—a mental message or a physical one with an osteopath? They both knead or need your bones, don't they?"

"No, I'd like to go to both," said Mrs. Jarr, dubiously.

And she kissed Mr. Jarr and sallied forth.

Before reaching the corner she remembered she had solemnly promised to go to a knitting party with some other friends. So she stepped in at Mrs. Rangle's and they went downtown shopping together, which was just as much fun and didn't cost as much as the other things.

competent to judge.

I live in this inner ring, therefore I can describe the maximum inconvenience by personal experience. Please note that I use the word "inconvenience" rather than "want." I have yet to find any one who is really hungry. We suffer inconvenience. Numbers of people, particularly hard-working mothers of working class families, have to waste a great deal of time at the queue waiting for food. Fresh meat has been difficult to obtain, and even margarine is becoming a rare commodity. The tea houses find their supplies becoming quickly exhausted. But there is food in plenty of one kind or another to be had. For example, on Saturday night at Pico's, there was a choice of soups and a choice of fish—cod, mussels or white-bait—and various meat dishes—fillet of beef, braised ox tongue, boiled chicken and rice—concluding with apple tart. I quote these menus in order to check undue fears.

You cannot lose by submarines 3,000,000 pounds of bacon and 4,000,000 pounds of cheese in a week without feeling something of it. But we console ourselves, if consolation is needed, by studying details of the conditions of food supply in Berlin, where butter is one guinea per pound, when you get an extra bit of sugar by bribing, where the very table linen has disappeared from the restaurants, and where the meat allowance is cut down to one-half pound per head a week, without feeling anything of it. We have a fair way to go before we reach the position where Berlin is now.

I am enormously struck by the cheerfulness of people under the present inconveniences. "I don't mind going short if it helps the boys at the front," I heard one woman declare. "They're not sending us any meat in our district," said a lady in the West End. "They are sending it all to the East End. Quite right that they should. They need it more than we do."

that distance from Petrograd to Brest-Litovsk, the late home of "peace" and the great fortress which will undoubtedly be used for concentrations co-operating with the Ukrainians, who are to be "protected." From her naval base already established on Dago Oesel and Moon Islands, at the mouth of the Gulf of Riga, Germany has another clear roadstead to Kronstadt and Petrograd.

On the sea the Bolsheviks possess the defensive inheritance of a few scattered mine fields and a modern battle fleet incapable of fighting. On land their sure shield is an aggregation of guerrilla bands accustomed now to scamper at the first spiked helmet on the horizon, and Trotsky's slippery tongue, which Kuehlmann seems to have feared more than Gen. Hoffman. The German problem, then, is not one of conquest, but merely one of occupation.

It would be absurd to dignify such an excursion as a campaign. The march to Peking during the Boxer uprising presented greater obstacles. No strategic maneuvers are in order, no vast masses of artillery or munitions are needed. The essential requirements are as in any far-seeing to possess and police the chief centers of population.

So far as the allied fronts are concerned these movements will have no immediate military significance. They will not in the least delay such withdrawals of troops for service in the western theater as Germany is already making. The twenty-old divisions which Hindenburg in any event intended to leave in the east will be sufficient for all purposes. Landsturm, unable to face the "Hill of Flanders," can be depended upon to bleed the red armies white and give them a little more sympathy for the Belgians. No loss of morale on the allied civilian front should result; anything that may happen at Russia is already discounted and smothered in disgust.

FOOD PROBLEM IN LONDON TAKEN IN GOOD HUMOR

(London Daily Mail Feb. 2.) The food shortage was at its maximum during the last week-end, and there were longer queues than ever on Saturday at Smithfield and at the different shops. London felt and feels the shortage more than any other part of the country, and inner West London, the region within a mile of Piccadilly Circus, feels it most of all, because apparently the authorities send food to other quarters rather than to there for reasons which they are most

competent to judge.

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WELL KNOWN PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE DIES AT ATLANTA

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 22.—Dr. William Scott Kendrick, senior professor of medicine at Emory university, died at his home here late yesterday. Dr. Kendrick was born at Summerville, Chattooga county, Georgia, seventy-five years ago.

STATE POLITICS

(By T. J. Campbell.)

Matters affecting the gubernatorial situation have been exceedingly quiet for several weeks, but it is rumored that there will be a conference at Nashville in a few days, having for its purpose the selection of a strictly business man as a candidate for governor. This meeting has been called, no the least on the assumption that none of the candidates already announced is satisfactory from the standpoint of business qualities. The rumor also has it that Mr. J. E. Edger, president of the Tennessee Manufacturers' association, is being groomed as the possible choice of the business element.

In the meantime, there is a good business man in Chattanooga who, every indication suggests, would make a good governor.

Many republicans of prominence have indicated to the party organization that they consider the nomination of a state judicial ticket in Tennessee this year inexpedient. Three reasons are assigned for this attitude: The country is at war, the democratic ticket is measurably satisfactory and they see small probability of winning in the election. Sound reasons, all of them. The manner in which a judicial campaign is usually conducted in this state, however, would not detract very much from the prosecution of the attention fringed with the party organization. The democratic ticket is, perhaps, not the ablest ever nominated, but it is assuredly up to the average in points of both ability and training. There is no reason other than personal fitness in making the election of judges, hence no necessity for a partisan contest. There is an impression that nominations ought to be made as a means of preserving the party organization, but this is one of doubtful propriety and efficiency. It is a difficult matter to enlist popular interest in a campaign where no issues are presented.

The contest for the republican congressional nomination in the First district is already waxing warm. Judge Dana Harman has entered the lists against Congressman Sells and very much stirred the party organization. Upon which his candidacy is based. The concluding sentence of this statement is significant, reading as follows: "I want to make a clean fight and I will do so, if allowed; but I am not prepared to make just such a fight as is forced upon me, and I will." Those who are acquainted with the political history of the First district, and the character of "clean fight," sometimes staged there, will be warned in advance of what may be coming. Mr. Sells has declared that he is a candidate for re-election, and the Judge may consider this an overt act which will "force" him to accept of "measures." The Third district, Judge Joe V. Williams has decided that he will not be a candidate this year. He takes this course in order to conserve harmony, as far as possible, while the court is engaged in a case which is one of doubtful propriety and efficiency. It is a difficult matter to enlist popular interest in a campaign where no issues are presented.

Present prospects are that Judge Edwin L. Davis will be nominated with opposition to succeed Congressman V. Houston, of the Fifth district, who has announced his purpose to retire. This is a very gratifying situation in as much as Judge Davis is conspicuously fit and a very high type of man who would like to see in fact, hope to see—Judge Williams in congress some day.

Two candidates for the state senate, in districts adjoining Hamilton county, have been noted by this column within the week. These are Mr. G. C. Harris, of Rhea county, and Mr. Leslie R. Jarr, of Marion county, who, so far as observed, neither has had anything to say about the state's financial affairs. A local paper thought Rhea county might obtain some needed local legislation if Mr. Harris were elected, but did not state the nature of the legislation needed. In Mr. Jarr's district, it has been the understanding that Hon. Walter Cameron of South Pittsburg, would be a candidate for the senate, but he has made a recent announcement that he has been elected to the position of chief of the state in his district, which also adjoins Hamilton county. Capt. Candler, who has been in the legislature and ought to make a useful senator.

With but a single contest among democrats for a nomination, the judicial ticket in Hamilton county is such a like that which prevails in the state. With a satisfactory ticket, it is probable that the democrats would win the August election in any event, hence the apparent indifference of nominating an opposition ticket.

GLENN S. COPENHAVER ARRIVES IN FRANCE

Among the First Chattanooga Boys to Reach Seat of War.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Copenhaver, of St. Elmo, have received a letter from their son, Glenn S. Copenhaver, who is now in the 1214 class at Central high school, and left Chattanooga Sept. 19, 1917